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WALDEN'S

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

WHICH

THE AUTHOR DESIRES TO DEDICATE TO
THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION AND
HUMANITY.

—:O:—

Kind reader give this little Book
A cheerful smile and tender look,
Read it, pass it, from hand to hand,
Until it visits every land.

And when you shall have criticised,
With it I know you'll sympathize,
For you can see it's day is small,
And make allowance, you will for all.

—:O:—

WASHINGTON :

REED & WOODWARD, Printers, 401 7th St.

1872.

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WALDEN'S

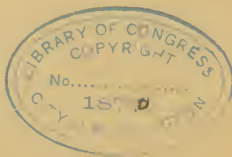
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THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION AND
HUMANITY.

Islay Walden

—:o:—



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WAR DEPARTMENT.

PAYMASTER GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Washington, August 1, 1872.

I take great pleasure in commending to the reading public the author of this work, Mr. Islay Walden, now of this city. Of the worth of his writings I leave careful readers to judge; of his own worth, his perseverance, integrity, and Christian character I can speak in terms of praise, after years of careful observation. From the time of his coming to Washington, in the winter of 1867-'68, up to the present date, I have watched with interest and pride his steady growth in grace, his rapid mental development, his unceasing devotion to principle and his earnest labors in behalf of the poor of his race, who surely will, in days to come, remember and bless him for his counsels. His work in organizing Sabbath Schools among the poor colored children of this city, as well as his labors among those who could not thus be reached, by reason of their infirmities, we know and cannot too highly approve. And all this persevering study, this devotion to duty, is the more to be commended, as we remember his affliction, a defective vision—at times almost blindness—which alone would have served to keep a less devoted servant in the background.

I trust this his first venture will meet with the success it deserves; that his quaint rhymes may please and profit all who read them; that, whatever may be the faults of metre, *critics* will not lose his sight of the eloquence, originality, and *real beauty* of thought that are found in his work.

J. L. H. WINFIELD.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY,
Washington, D. C., July 26, 1872.

I believe the facts as stated in the following Introduction to be strictly true, and take pleasure in commending Islay Walden to a generous public for such aid as can be given him, in his effort to obtain an education.

A. L. BARBER,
Prof. Nat. Phil. and Prin. Nor. Dept. H. U.

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ERRATA:

On page 24 read stream instead of streams ;

On page 40 read aid instead of and ;

On page 47 read dost instead of dust ; is instead of it ; darkest
instead of darkies ;

On page 46 I'm instead of I am ; you're instead of yours :

On page 49 battle instead of baffle ;

INTRODUCTION.

ISLAY WALDEN was born a slave in Randolph County, North Carolina. His master died when he was an infant, and he was sold twice in his mother's arms. When eight or ten years old he attracted a good deal of attention by his ingenuity in the use of carpenter's tools, and for great aptness in reckoning. His master would take him to market to make his calculations for him, and bets were frequently made by himself and friends on Islay's being able to perform certain difficult calculations in three minutes time. These calculations were all mental; he had never had the least training from books.

His master learned to value his services in keeping things in order about the place, making little repairs, etc., so that he was never put to hard work.

From the failure of his owners, he changed hands several times. His mother died when he was about eight years old.

When about eighteen years old he was engaged at a gold mine in driving oxen. The owner was a very passionate man, and was so angry one day that he was about to strike an ox to the ground with a mattock. Walden remonstrated, saying, "The ox will die." It fell dead in a few moments. They threw its body into a pit where a shaft had been sunk, and while they were standing over it Walden made and recited impromptu his first verses—

Poor Old Dick,
 He died quick!
 He died all in a minute.
 Here is a shaft thirty feet,
 And we have thrown him in it.
 He was red,
 And he is dead!
 The buzzards may forsake him,
 For he is buried thirty feet,
 Where they can never get him.

After he had repeated this the man says, "Walden, you are a poet." Walden asked "What is a poet?" He replied, "One who writes poetry." "What is poetry," Walden asked. The man explained by asking him if he did not know what hymns are, &c.

From this time he was running over rhymes in his head and longing to learn

The second poem was composed on the occasion of his being attacked by a drunken man. A mob collected, and he was in danger of being killed if caught. While hiding from them under a tree he composed the lines beginning—

"Now here I lie upon the ground."

The surrender of Gen. Lee occurred while he was at the mine. He left there soon after, and went from one mine to another, in North Carolina, until he came to Washington, searching for glasses to enable him to study.

He came on foot, the snow falling during part of the journey. He was told by some he was too old to learn; by others that his eyes were so poor he could never study.

After a good deal of wandering about he met Dr. Nichols at a preaching service at Howard University. He gave him the first real encouragement.

He composed some political ballads, which he had printed, and went about the street selling them—all the time trying to find some help for his eyes, or some school where they would teach him. He lived in this way three years, extending his travels through parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. While in New Jersey he attracted the attention of the Second Reform Church in New Brunswick, which, through Professor Atherton, pledged one hundred and fifty dollars a year towards his school expenses until he should graduate.

Dr. Nichols was still his friend, and when he made application to enter Howard University a year ago his daughter taught him, patiently and faithfully, for three weeks. At the end of that time he was able to write something which *resembled* his name, read pretty well in the Second Reader, and work examples in long division. He entered the lowest class three months behind it. At the end of six months he skipped a class, and joined another a year in advance of the one which he first entered.

Since he has been in the University he has composed a number of pieces suggested by passing events, characteristic of schoolmatters, etc., which he has collected in this little book.

He wishes to sell them during his vacation, to make a sum sufficient for extra expenses during another year.

We do not claim great poetical merit, but think the effort worthy of encouragement. His stock of words is necessarily small, as he has had no knowledge of books until within the past year. C. C. H.

Now it is standing on the hill,
 And if I'm safe it is God's will ;
 And should I now be called to die,
 On wings of love I soon would fly.

I hear the crew now passing by,
 I wonder if they'll me descry ;
 For I can hear them loud proclaim,
 While swearing vengeance on my name.

I see them going hand in hand,
 And hear them in their jolly band.
 I hear their guns and pistols crack,
 As though they were returning back.

Jesus, to Thee I lift my prayer.
 That Thou wouldst save me from despair :
 For they are drawing near the place
 Where I have sought to hide my face.

Now they have passed and did not see,
 And I believe I now am free.
 Now let me rise upon my feet :
 It may be that I can retreat.

How near they came unto the pine
 By which in fear I did recline.
 The distance measured in good fix.
 The feet were number thirty-sixed .

On the Election of Mayor Bowen.

Laughter on the other side !
 Send the glad tidings far and wide !
 The City Hall we have redeemed ;
 Of such a change I'd never dreamed.

Redeemed it from obnoxious laws :
 Cheer Bowen with right loud applause !
 For they are beaten in the clear,
 In the election of Mayor !

'Tis true they beat us *heretofore*,
 But we them, at the Precinct door ;
 We've never had the City-mayor,
 Nor did they ever treat us fair.

Now we will laugh while they may cry :
 It seems to me that they must die !
 Though he will never do them harm,
 For they may rest upon his arm.

In giving us the City-mayor.
 Our God has kindly answered prayer.
 And He will hear us when we call,
 For we have cleansed the City Hall.

Now Given made a noble speech,
 Although the Hall he could not reach ;
 Though he spoke nobly, loud and clear,
 He could not be put in Mayor.

Now it is standing on the hill.
 And if I'm safe it is God's will ;
 And should I now be called to die,
 On wings of love I soon would fly.

I hear the crew now passing by,
 I wonder if they'll me descry ;
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I see them going hand in hand,
 And hear them in their jolly band.
 I hear their guns and pistols crack,
 As though they were returning back.

Jesus, to Thee I lift my prayer.
 That Thou wouldst save me from despair ;
 For they are drawing near the place
 ♡ Where I have sought to hide my face.

Now they have passed and did not see,
 And I believe I now am free.
 Now let me rise upon my feet :
 ♡ It may be that I can retreat.

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Now Given made a noble speech,
 Although the Hall he could not reach ;
 Though he spoke nobly, loud and clear.
 He could not be put in Mayor.

And did he own it in that day
 When by the tide he was borne away !
 Oh ! no, he said he was but joking,
 For then he saw the black men voting.

'Tis true they thought that we were fools,
 But Bowen'll give us better schools :
 And if they live another year,
 They'll vote for him without a fear.

Impeachment of President Johnson.

On Pennsylvania Avenue
 There lives a President ;
 He has been tried and will not do,
 His loyal days are spent.

He ever will a traitor be,
 While he that chair does fill ;
 In giving freedom to the rebs,
 He did the traitors' will.

And now help us to powder grind.
 The principle he owns ;
 Let voting be the engine true,
 The ballot be the stone.

This day the glorious South would rise
 To regal stature high,
 Had we a loyal President
 To listen to their cry.

When danger threatened every band,
 The black men took the gun,
 And drove the rebs from Union lines.
 As they us at Bull Run.

The black men bought their liberty
 With blood and muscle strong,
 Though proud and stout was rebel Lee,
 Grant drove him with his throng.

We well can trust the General,
 He's welcome to that seat,
 Traitors he blew above his head.
 They're now beneath his feet.

Again we speak of the President,
 Whom Johnson we do call;
 He reminds one of that angel
 Who met a sudden fall.

He reminds one of that angel
 Who climbed up in disguise,
 Who drew that bright and shining host
 Downward from the skies.

Will God ere grant him pardon
 Before the last great day?
 As long we'll watch the President
 As he with us does stay.

Should he vacate his country,
 And cross to Europe land,
 They'd mark him there a traitor.
 Or, e'en on "India's strand"!

They never would believe him,
 Nor go at his command;
 They'd tell him he's a traitor,
 To the friends of Abraham.

If aught I here have said amiss,
 I'll say before I close,
 I ask the Lord to pardon me
 If I have wronged my foes.

I'll ask his aid to pray for them.
 And help me to forgive
 The wrongs they did my countrymen
 In times when slavery lived.

To S. S. A.

Sarah, thy name shall ever live!
 Shall have the best place in my heart.
 For the instruction thou didst give,
 When others bade me to depart.

Stretch forth thy gentle, tender hands.
 And bid the ignorant come to thee.
 For there are many in the land,
 Who gladly seek to learn of thee.

Thy loving hand shalt bless the poor,
 Shalt wipe away the tears they shed ;
 And from thy bounty I am sure,
 The poor and needy shall have bread.

Thy steadfast feet shall tread the way,
 That saints and angles long have trod.
 If thou wilt only watch and pray,
 And seek to serve the living God.

Doubts and fears.

It was the time of fear and dread
 I looked to Calvary;
 I had not where to lay my head.
 My Saviour pitied me.

He seemed to speak in words unknown
 Looking from Calvary;
 He seemed to say, why weep and moan
 Oh ! why not come to me ?

I told him that I could not come
 With sins so much oppressed ;
 While they were rising one by one
 Upon my weary breast.

Jesus, the Son of God, still lives
 And scatters doubts and fear ;
 His power the sins of all forgives
 And bids them disappear.

The following lines are the second ever composed by my self, and these were suggested to me on one pleasant Sabbath day, when returning from Sabbath School, and I was thinking of my souls welfare, both in time and in eternity when suddenly I was aroused by the noise of some very wicked boys who were spending the Lord's day in idle sport, smoking and swearing, thus profaning God's name and day. I wondered how long men will be permitted to disregard the Bible, and violate the laws of the land; how long will he shut himself out from good society, and bind himself in the fetters of sin and death, the death that never dies? May they soon hear, turn, and live.

Jesus my friend.

Jesus, thy love did leave its charms.
 Engraved upon my heart;
 Thou badst me fly unto thine arms.
 And from my sins depart.

It was the time I came to thee,
 With sin so much oppressed,
 Then t'was thy love that rescued me,
 And gave my spirit rest.

But since that time I've gone astray,
 My love is cold to Thee,
 And I am in the crooked way,
 Thy light I cannot see.

O could I see thy love again,
 Come beaming from the sky,
 And know that I am free from sin,
 And feel that thou art nigh !

I would no longer linger here,
 And sink with fear and shame,
 But I would seek the cross to bear,
 And own my Saviour's name.

Then let me to my Saviour go,
 And rest upon his breast,
 Where peace and love forever flow.
 In heaven, among the blest.

Eulogy on a Classmate.

Sweet and pleasant are thy features,
 Kind and lovely are thy ways.
 Fairer than ten thousand creatures,
 The brightest vision of my days !

I mark thy steps from day to day,
 And know that they are firm and true.
 I only wish a word to say ;
 Take heed to all you speak or do.

From thy door a glancing look,
 Upon my heart what wonders wrought !
 Thy smiles from me my sorrows took.
 Oh, how I felt ! Oh, what I thought !

Now let me to you garden go,
 Where flowers bloom so gay.
 And I shall find some one I know,
 That will entice me there to stay.

Among the flowers great and small,
 The sweetness I will much admire :
 Till one I find amidst them all,
 That I may pick and then retire.

Art thou not in a gorgeous green,
 Where all the living flowers grow ?
 How is it that thou art the queen
 Of all who see and all who know.

But for myself, let me employ,
 Ten thousand tongues this one to aid.
 That I may speak my inward joy,
 When thee I see, thou pretty maid.

Kind Miss, I you must bid adieu.
 To thee and all who thee surround ;
 But let me say, there's none like you
 In all the world, that I have found.

Prayer for the School.

Jesus, my Saviour and my King ;
 O grant this school a song to sing,
 That we together here may meet
 And bow and worship at thy feet.

And when we shall have left this place,
 Then give us of thy richest grace,
 And lead each one unto his home,
 That we may praise thee on thy throne!

And if we here shall meet no more,
 Then let us meet on Canaan's shore,
 Where we may walk the streets around.
 And were a robe and starry crown.

Temperance.

Stretch forth thy loving, gentle hand.
 And raise thy banner to the sky,
 And save the drunkards of the land,
 When others shall have passed them by.

Yes, stretch thy net across the sea,
 And gather in both great and small.
 Yes, bid the drunkards come to thee,
 And save them from the dreadful fall.

Thy ship is anchored near the shore.
 Ten thousand stand upon her deck,
 And she can carry thousands more,
 Fearless of winds, or storms, or wreck.

How millions gather thick around,
 With each eye fixed upon her sails.
 To see her venture o'er the sound.
 Moved on by favoring gales.

She soon will reach the happy land,
 And gently touch the blissful shore,
 Where millions round their Savior stand,
 Who'll sail this temperance boat no more.

This was composed during the Congressional Temperance Meeting held at Howard University, at which Dr. Chickering presided and Senator Pomeroy and others made speeches.

One to Love.

O where's the maid that I can love,
 With love which I have never told !
 Where is the one that I would like,
 To comfort me when I am old !

Do I not see before my face,
 A mate prepared for every one !
 Then sure there's one prepared for me
 Nor need I *trudge* the road alone.

Now who is he that speaks to me
 Of Mormans and of Mormanhood !
 While this you know, the Lord has said,
 They *twain* shall be one flesh, one blood !

Come listen then to what I say
 Before this evening's work is done.
 That you can do as you may please.
 But I'd be satisfied with one.

Letter to Miss Smitherman.

This letter was written to a little child living in North Carolina, that I used to tend and pet. The first word she spoke was my name:

HOWARD UNIVERSITY,

Washington, D.C., May 8, 1872.

MISS SMITHERMAN:

While sitting in my room thinking to whom my first May-letter should be addressed, I thought of you as the one I should most like to honor, knowing that you will receive it with pleasure, as it comes from one whom you have not seen for five years.

I am living in the City of Washington, and am a student at Howard University. I am making rapid progress in my studies, having overtaken a class that was a year ahead of me.

I have followed the precepts of your father and mother, and for this reason I have run the road of wisdom without getting discouraged.

As a Christian, I endeavor to do all I can for Christ; as a student, to compete with my class-mates; as a politician, to prove true to my country; as a citizen, to be law-abiding.

I am very busy at this time preparing for our annual examination.

Some say that I am a poet, because I sometimes write a verse or two. The following lines I have dedicated to you:

Miss Nancy Jane, I long to see
 Those golden charms of thine,
 While standing in a garden green,
 Where nature is sublime.

Within the place where flowers bloom,
 Around thy head so gay,
 Where birds and bees do loud proclaim
 Thou art the queen of May.

O could I see thy piercing eyes,
 As they reflect the light,
 Which drives away thy midnight dreams,
 And makes thy visions bright.

I long to see thy tender smiles,
 So gentle and so gay,
 That drive away the cares of life,
 And make life's darkness day.

While thou art in that tranquil place,
 Let evening shades draw nigh,
 When thou mayest in the moon beam stand,
 And view the starry sky.

Then cast thine eyes around about,
 And view the willow tree,
 And when thou dost recall the past,
 O! then remember me!

I left the South and journeyed East,
 This goodly land to see;
 But I have never found a child
 That I could love like thee.

When thou was't in thy mother's arms,
 Those arms so dear to thee,
 I saw thee when thou sweetly smiled,
 And then thou called'st for me.

So much surprised thy mother was
 She quickly did exclaim,
 "My little daughter, though so young,
 Has plainly called thy name!"

I hastened to that tranquil place,
 And took thee in my arms,
 I smiled and kissed thy dimpled cheeks,
 And looked upon thy charms.

And now I look upon the arm
 On which thy head did rest,
 And well remember how thou slept,
 When leaning on my breast.

I cannot tell your pa and ma
 How I esteem those days;
 Nor can I tell them how I love
 Their kind and pleasant ways.

My little friend, I'd like to ask,
 Art thou a child of God?
 And do you walk the narrow path
 That saints and angels trod?

It is a straight and shining road,
 And leads through wisdom's ways,
 And if you'd be a child of God,
 O start in early days!

Now, if we never meet again,
 About the old home place,
 Then may we meet in Heaven above,
 Around God's throne of grace.

Remember me to all my friends
 In words which I proclaim;
 Then give my love to all thy house,
 And thou accept the same.

The Sacred Streams.

Jesus, that stream shall ever flow
 That washed my sins away;
 That made my heart as white as snow,
 And moved me then to pray.

It is a stream of pure delight,
 Flowing both deep and wide;
 Each ripple doth reflect the light
 Proceeding from Thy side.

It is a stream where all can meet
 And drink a full supply ;
 Can bow and worship at thy feet,
 And praise Thy name most high.

There millions in Thy presence stand,
 And bid us welcome home ;
 They tell us of the happy land,
 Where all in Christ are one.

And if we will consent to go,
 We there shall bathe again—
 In waters bright that can, we know,
 Cleanse from the foulest stain.

The Nation's Friend.

This nation has a faithful friend,
 In whom she may confide ;
 Whose influence is like the sea,
 Which flows both deep and wide.

Let us behold the sea, how calm—
 What ships her billows float,
 Come let us hasten to the shore,
 And get on freedom's boat.

Upon her deck the nations meet ;
 The white and colored there,
 Where no first place nor second known,
 No difference in the fare.

I saw her raise her banner high,
And cast it to the breeze.

When tempests raged and billows rolled
She sailed through gulfs and seas.

Through smoke and fog she onward went,
This nation to defend,

When Dixie cried, "Take her last son,
And her last dollar spend."

When hissing shot around her fell,

From rebel cannon's mouth

She stood the storm, the rain, the hail,
And now can stand the drouth.

I heard her cry while sailing on—

And Justice is her name—

Grant equal rights to every man,

And amnesty the same.

She soon will land her noble crew

Within a city bright,

Where nations in one brotherhood

Drink national delight.

Where we may have our public schools,

With open doors displayed;

Where all may drink at wisdom's fount

With none to make afraid.

Young friends, I know you will be there
 Bright shining as the sun ;
 With equal rights secured to all,
 When Sumner's work is done.

The nation's friend ! still firm he stands,
 Proclaiming without number,
 Till every Freedman in one band
 Shall hail the name of Sumner !

Eden.

I plant this tree to try thy faith,
 And, if thou only wilt obey,
 Thou shalt ever see my face,
 And I will bless thee day by day.

The good of life I'll not withhold,
 Nor kindred pleasures will deny,
 But thou shalt walk in streets of gold,
 And thou shalt never, never die.

Thy days and years shall have no end ;
 Sickness nor sorrow shalt thou know ;
 And in old age thou shalt not bend,
 Except thou yield unto the foe.

Freely drink from every fount,
 From streams as they go laughing on,
 Proceeding down from yonder mount,
 Singing their merry, merry song.

It is not well to be alone ;
 There should be one to comfort thee ;
 And from thy side I'll take a bone,
 And soon in one thou twain shalt be.

In yonder place I think I see
 Adam reclining in the shade,
 Rejoicing near the green bay tree,
 E'en in the place where Eve was made.

List ye to what this man will say,
 This man who never spake before ;
 And see how wise, though made of clay,
 Now he has some one to adore.

Bone of my bone, I know thou art,
 And truly Eve thy name shalt be ;
 I'll wear thine image in my heart,
 And thou shalt ever cleave to me !

My Refuge.

Why do I doubt and tremble here,
 Beneath this load of sin I bear ?
 Is there no one to pity me,
 In all this grief and misery ?

Why do I shrink with fear and shame,
 And dare to own my Saviour's name ?
 Did He not die upon the tree,
 That sinful man might thus be free ?

Is there no room upon His breast,
 Where I may lay my head to rest?
 Did He not die a death of shame,
 And bear for man the dreadful pain?

The Little Helper.

[The day of the celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment I was passing through the crowd in the street when a little girl noticed my eyes, and thinking I could not see and would be run over, took me by the hand and lead me to a place of safety. The kindness made such an impression, I was moved to write this little poem:]

Behold the great and swelling crowd,
 While thronging through the street,
 And then behold the hand that keeps
 Me from the horses feet.

The great and small have passed me by,
 And here unseen I stand;
 I have no sympathy, no help,
 Except this little hand.

And now I bless this little hand,
 Which clings unto my arm;
 Kind Jesus, bless this little child,
 And keep her from all harm.

The proud and gay are passing by,
 And foolishly have scorned,
 When they have met me on the street
 Afflicted as when born.

But now and then I meet a child
 As harmless as a dove,
 Who tells me by its little deeds,
 That God alone is love.

Dear Saviour, bless this little child,
 Whate'er her name may be ;
 Dost Thou not see her little heart,
 How kind its been to me !

Love's Soliloquy.

Oh, why have I thus failed to write
 A line upon my heart's delight?
 The reason why I need not tell,
 For it, I think, is known too well.

I need not say that she is pretty ;
 But I am sure she is quite witty.
 She's both comely to behold,
 And, in my sight, as pure as gold.

I like the style in which she's dress'd,
 And place her now among the blessed ;
 There is no one more neat than she
 Among the fairer ones I see.

It's true I take a complex view,
 Instead of one, I look at two ;
 One, because she's neat and trim,
 The other one is fair and slim.

Ti's very true one has a beau,
 The other one has none I know :
 The one may dwell e'en near my heart,
 The other one must then depart.

There's only one that I can love,
 And she's as harmless as a dove ;
 She is not drifted by the tide
 With twenty beaux around her side.

I have seen one all dressed in green ;
 The other one may be a queen :
 I think one has a pleasant mother,
 The other one a handsome brother.

Now, shall I tell the first one's name,
 For fear that you may think in vain ?
 Shall I record on history's page,
 The other one is not of age ?

When you have seen the other one,
 Then think of mother's only son,
 To her be kind, be just and true,
 That she may thus confide in you.

And when you have been kind to her,
 A favor you will then confer,
 I hope that you will never slight
 The one who is my heart's delight.

Our May-Day Walk.

We went out to the Soldiers' Home,
 With happy hearts and free,
 And as we stopped within the grove
 All eyes were fixed on me.

They seemed to speak in words like these:

“Will he not write a poem?
 “Does he not feel the gentle breeze
 “On which our thoughts are borne,

And as they range through worlds unknown,
 I thought I heard them say:
 That “WALDEN ought to write a verse
 “Upon the first of May”!

Let nature in sublimity,
 With golden rays of light,
 Loan him a pen with diamond point,
 And tell him what to write.

Let May put on her coat of green
 And bid him freely speak,
 That we may have a line or two
 Before we stop to eat.

We cannot feel the hidden spark
 That burns within his breast;
 Nor can we tell him what to say,
 For nature's thoughts are best.

I hope he'll think upon the bridge,
 And of the willow tree;
 I hope he'll think of every one,
 And then he'll think of me.

Depart from me all cares of life,
 And let me here compose
 A line or two upon this place
 In poetry or prose.

This is a fair and pleasant place,
 And lovely to behold;
 The place where aged soldiers live,
 I often have been told.

Now let the soldier cast his eye
 Upon the fields of green,
 And I am sure he will proclaim
 The MATRON is the queen?

Then let the Captain take a view,
 Although he is afar,
 And with the soldiers he'll proclaim
 Each lady is a star.

Now, while I view the tender leaves,
 And hear the gay birds sing,
 My thoughts are borne upon the breeze
 That kindly welcomes Spring.

They swiftly fly to nature's arms,
 And in her bosom rest,
 'Till she unfolds her richest charms,
 Close hid within her breast.

And then they will return again,
 As constant as the dove,
 And join the angels when they sing,
 That God is only love.

Now, while I'm in this tranquil place,
 The evening shades appear,
 And I can view the landscape o'er
 And none but I am here.

With love and kindness one comes down,
 And by me takes her seat,
 And kindly asks me to accept,
 A piece of bread and meat.

Of course I will accept of it,
 And glad to eat I am,
 And think within my heart there is
 A *Mary* in this land.

Now I will speak of one more friend,
 And will not slight *her* name,
 Whom I have found both just and true—
 It is Miss E. L. Crane!

Young friends, if we no more shall meet
 Within the Soldiers' Home,
 Then may we meet in Heaven above
 Around God's brilliant throne.

May 1, 1872.

The Young Man's Comforter.

There is not one that can be found
 More happy than the man unbound,
 If he will not himself engage
 To any one of any age.

He then can live a single life ;
 When free from wed and free from wife
 He has no one that would control
 Nor disregard him when he's old.

According to the lines above
 There is no one that he should love ;
 But if he thinks that is not right,
 Then let him seek his heart's delight.

Consecration of Self.

Jesus, I feel the quickening spark,
 O how it burns within !
 'Tis love that purifies the heart,
 And cleanses from all sin.

And now I stretch my hands to Thee ;
 Dear Saviour, bid me fly,
 O let me in thy presence be.
 And reign above the sky.

Then may I wear a starry crown,
 Through ceaseless years to come,
 And in the city I'll be found,
 A near the dazzling throne.

To My Benefactor.

It's true I have a friend, indeed,
 Whom I can safely trust and heed ;
 He's been to me a shining light,
 And seeks to guide my feet aright.

When doubt and fear shall cloud my skies,
 Then he will come and sympathize ;
 He found me in a seeking state,
 And placed me here among the great.

Will he not lead me with his hand
 To Canaan's fair and happy land ?

Will he not mark each step I take,
Or mend each sacred link I break?

I came to him when much oppressed,
And soon he eased my troubled breast;
And now I bless the way he led,
When all my sorrows quickly fled.

Inquiry.

I love to look on you kind friend,
Would like to ask thy name.
My leisure hours with you I'd spend,
And learn from whence you came.

I'd gather wisdom from your voice,
Advancing day by day,
Please gratify my ardent choice,
Your name? what is it? pray.

Grace at Table.

Bless us as we together meet,
And sanctify the food we eat;
Blest be the God who wisdom gives,
The food by which the spirit lives,
And when we shall have left this place,
Lord, give us of thy richest grace,
Help us to love Thee now—and then.
Thine will the glory be. Amen.

Dedicated to M. W. W. on making
her first shirt.

Mary, my shirt is neatly made,
Each stitch is in its proper place ;
There's not a wrinkle to be seen,
Nor basting thread that will deface.

Iv'e criticised with all my might ;
I thought the button holes were *shirked*,
But I was struck with much surprise
To find they all were neatly worked.

I turned it in and turned it out,
I sought to find some fault with it ;
I tried it on, and tried it off,
I never had so neat a fit.

I think I see within it stitched.
A figure of your daily life ;
It surely tells that you will make,
Some gentleman a thrifty wife.

And now I speak unto the hand
That never made a shirt before :—
Work hard to cultivate the mind,
Then arduous task's will soon be o'er.

Ode to General O. O. Howard.

Kind Saviour, hear the voice of prayer.
And do thou bless this sacred hour,
May peace and comfort now be sent,
Upon our loving President.

Its true he's in a heathen land,
Where red-men may around him stand,
With tomahawk and scalping knife,
And threaten vengeance on his life,

Now he is in the distant West,
May all he does be for the best,
Be thou his shield both day and night,
And ever guide his feet aright.

We know his trust is in thy name,
And in thy love he doth remain,
For he did prove himself most true,
When fighting by the starry blue.

O lead him o'er the Rocky Mounts !
And let him drink from sparkling founts ;
And when he's where the water gleams,
Then let him bathe in crystal streams ;

And when he hears the wild beast moan,
Then let him think of friends and home,
For there does dwell his loving wife,
Who comforts him mid earthly strife.

Let birds and bees, both sing his praise,
 To lighten up his dreary days ;
 Let nature in her beauty shine,
 Teaching that all things are divine.

Another word I should have said—
 I'd like to ask, has he a bed ?
 A shelter where within to rest,
 While he is in the distant west !

O grant me words that I may write,
 More on the President to night,
 The words I need I do not know,
 Except they shall from *Webster* flow,

Congress of power has given a lease;
 And him, dear Lord, in making peace ;
 O guide him with thy sacred hand,
 That he may bless his native land.

Yes, bless it in thy sacred name,
 And break each link in error's chain ;
 For in this land there's hardly one,
 So many generous deeds has done.

Wilt thou return him home again,
 Free from sorrow and from pain ;
 That we may see his loving face,
 Lighted with Thy richest Grace.

And when he turns to East or West,
 He'll view his labor Thou hast blessed ;
 Or turns to either North or South
 He'll bless the poor by word of mouth.

Then when he comes within the school,
 He'll see how well we keep each rule,
 Though some of them are very tight,
 Yet we believe that they are right.

And when from scenes like these we go,
 To journey on with friend or foe,
 May happy thoughts round us be showered,
 When we recal the name of *Howard* !

Cast your cares upon the Lord.

It is the King, the Prince of Peace,
 Who holds the reins of time ;
 Who sits upon His Father's throne,
 And rides upon the wind.

'Tis He, whom angels do adore,
 And praise his name most high,
 He walks upon the mighty deep,
 And reigns with God on high.

He spreads the clouds beneath the sky,
 And bids them disappear,
 He guides the pilgrim with His eye
 And scatters doubt and fear.

He holds the lightning in His hand,
 Till he shall bid it fly,
 Then it darts its quivering flame
 Athwart the cloudy sky.

'Tis He who is the sinner's friend,
 And only such can be,
 He bled and died, that all might live,
 When nailed upon the tree.

Letter to Dr. See.

This letter was written to the Secretary of the
 Reformed Church of America.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY,
Washington, D. C., June 4, 1872.

DR. SEE,

DEAR FRIEND: I should have written you before,
 but being very busy in my studies, I have been putting
 it off until I should have time.

We are preparing for examination, and my idle
 moments are all passed.

I am doing very well in my studies, and have found
 time, in connection with them, to attend about half
 of the Theological lectures. During this term I have
 composed about thirty poems. I am going to have a
 book published this summer. Doctor Nichols says,
 that the University will have it printed for me.

Doctor, I love the great *Reform*,
 And pause within her arms :

I dare not scorn her day when small,
Nor trifle with her charms.

How long she stood within God's sight
Pure and undefiled :

How long has it been her delight,
To save each little child.

Oh ! when did she His banners raise,
And cast it to the breeze ?

How long will she be tossed upon
This life's tempestuous seas.

Her millions she has landed safe,
Upon fair Canaan's shore ;
There're millions yet within her arms,
And room for millions more.

Now let me praise the great *Reform*,
And magnify her name,
For all the kindness she has shown,
Since from the South I came.

She did not turn away from me
But bade me go in peace,
And kindly asked me to accept,
A place among the least.

Dear Saviour, bless the great *Reform*,
And keep her in thy care,
And when she trembles in the storm,
O banish doubt and fear !

I. WALDEN.

On a friend.

Why thus I write I cannot tell,
 I cannot give the reason why,
 Except it is because thou hast
 Become the apple of mine eye.

I cannot speak the words I wish,
 How ever true it all may be,
 Because I know the gay and vain.
 Have placed their longing eyes on thee.

Shall I betray the noble thoughts
 Which guard thine image day and night,
 Or shall I speak of Mr. A—
 Who seeks to put those thoughts to flight.

A- thy beauty doth admire.
 B- thy kind and loving ways,
 And C- because thou sheddest light
 To cheer and bless his dreary days.

But for myself, intelligence,
 Beauty and meekness reign alone;
 And she must love the Son of God
 Who sits upon His Father's throne.

I will not write another line
 Lest critics say I flatter you;
 And they would say I prove unkind
 And you might think I am untrue.

On A Seamstress.

My shirt is truly neat and strong
 Although for it I waited long.
 I know Miss Smith will never slight,
 Nor sew on shirts by candle light.

I long have known this one who sews,
 And now commend her to her Beaux.
 She has no artificial ways
 To cause young *men* on her to gaze.

Call to Sabbath School.

Oh! hark unto this liberal call;
 For you are all invited,
 And if you stay away I know,
 The children will be slighted.

Oh! why not come unto the school—
 For you may be a teacher,
 Of all the beauties of the day,
 This is the brightest feature.

The President will sure be there,
 And that will be exciting,
 And a short lecture I will give,
 If you will be confiding.

The children there together meet;
 They'll look to see you coming.

While birds and bees within the grove,
Will greet you with their humming.

The school will meet at three o'clock,
A pleasant time to spend,
And when we hear the clock strike five
Our exercise will end.

To the Graduating Class.

Young men, there is one honor yet,
One that I am sure each one can get ;
An honor that is tried and true,
One that will ever stand by you.

When entering on the field of life,
Each graduate should have a wife,
One who will guide his feet aright,
And ever be his heart's delight.

'Tis true, quite true, your's leaving college,
With minds well stored with useful knowledge ;
But O, all this will prove in vain,
Except some lady's heart you gain.

'Tis true you stood upon the stage,
Examples of the modern age ;
But life is vain if you *are* wise
If there's no star in all your skies.

And if each one will still live single,
 I am sure his pocket cannot jingle ;
 I care not who may be your choice,
 If you'll obey this warning voice.

Go forth, young men, in all the land,
 And reap success on every hand ;
 Go make yourselves a shining name,
 Then you'll deserve eternal fame.

On A Friend.

Kind friend why dost thou look so sad.
 What may thy troubles be ?
 Oh dost thou fear some one will take
 The one so kind to thee.

She it a fair and charming one
 She dazzles every eye,
 It is enough to make thee weep,
 Enough to make thee sigh,

A Lady Friend.

Go tell Miss "V" to quickly come,
 And bring her pen and ink,
 That she may write each word I speak
 Or each one that I think,

She can unfold my Darkies thoughts
 And make them plain to me,

I know not one so full of art
 No one so apt as she.

She was with me on the first of May ;
 For me she then did write
 With little kind and gentle deeds,
 She's like my heart's delight.

The Campaign of '72.

O hark! ye sons of liberty,
 Unto your country's call!
 Come quickly and deliver her.
 Or quickly she will fall.

Let all her royal sons come forth,
 As they in sixty-two ;
 O let the Yankee voters come
 Who saved the starry blue.

The Freedman from the South will come,
 His ballot will display,
 May overturn the Greeley-ites
 And drive them far away.

Now Gerrett Smith will lead us on,
 Close by the river side,
 If up "Salt River" Greeley goes,
 And Brown beneath the tide.

But firm and true Ulysses stands—
 He is the nation's head.

It was before his noble form
The rebels quickly fled.

The foreigners are stepping in,
Of plucky Europe's blood,
And they declare the "liberals"
Shall sink beneath the flood.

I see the Germen marching on,
From mountain, hill, and dell,
They come to hail the gallant chief,
Our "Grant, who's known so well.

Lloyd Garrison is looking on
This free and rising race;
He looks to see each loyal son
Stand in his proper place.

Should we not stand by friends of old,
In whom we can confide?
Should we not vote for General Grant,
With Wilson by his side?

But if we find our friends of old,
Are on the other side,
Should we not launch out on the stream,
And roll on with the tide!

Since poets should not one-sided be,
Nor mingle with the wrong;
They should not trifle with the weak,
Nor baffle with the strong.

Now if I change these little rhymes,
Or turn them up-side-down,
Then will they read or will they not,
For Greeley and for Brown,

Those true and tried old veterans,
Who sought for many years,
To turn slavery a summerset,
To scatter freedmen's fears.

God bless our noble candidates,
I care not who they are,
May each one shine like yonder sun,
To us like morning's star.





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